

AN ELEGIE ON THE  
MUCH LAMENTED  
DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
Sir *Arthur Chichester* Knight, Lo. Baron of  
*Belfast*, Lo. high Treasurer of Ireland, one  
of the Lords of his Majesties most Honorable  
Privie Counsell, and of the Coun-  
sell of Warre.

*Honor sequitur fugientem.*

By ALEX. SPICER. *H*

Printed at London by M.F. for Robert Bird, and are to be  
sold at his shop in Chesepide at the  
signe of the Bible. 1624.

AN ELEGY ON THE  
MUCH LAMENTED  
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THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
Sir Thomas Chichester Knight, Lord Baron of  
Belfast, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, one  
of the Lords of the Privy Council, and Honorable  
Member of the Council of the King's Bench.



Honour. Secretary. Privy Council.  
BY ALEX. SPICER.

Printed at London by M.F. for Robert Bird, and are to be  
sold at his shop in Chesham at the  
Sign of the Bible. 1815.


TO THE MOST NOBLE  
and most Illustrious George Duke of  
BUCKINGHAME his Grace, &c.

**S**<sup>fr,</sup> like Parrhasius, I haue thought it meete  
To draw the worke, I wrought on, in a sheet:  
If your quicke eye discerne vnhandsome feature,  
Where 'twas my part to limne a comely creature:  
Daigne to beleene (my Lo.) my hand did shake,  
Because much sorrow made my heart to ake.  
Be then your gracious patience as the vaile  
To couer that, wherein my skill did faile.

Your Graces most submissiue

and deuoted Orator.

ALEX. SPICER.

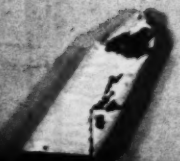


TO THE MOST NOBLE  
and most Illustrious George Duke of  
BUTTINGHAM

2<sup>nd</sup> Sir like I apprehend I have thought it meet  
To draw the work I wrought on in a sheet:  
If some quick eye discerns unpolish'd features,  
Here read my part to him a comely creature:  
Dignified seems (my Po.) my hand did shake  
Because much sorrow made my heart to ache.  
Be then your gracious patience as the wait  
To cover that wherein my skill did fail.

Your Graces most obedient  
and devoted Obedient

ALEX. SPICER.





# An Elegie on the death of my

*Lord Chichester.*

**D**EAD ? and before we heard him sicke, incline  
 To draw his breath towards that vniuersall line,  
 Which leads to earth ? this moues me to enquire,  
 Why noble *Belfast* should so soone expire.  
 T'was thus, death knew that such a gallant pray  
 Could not be had vnles 'twere snatcht away :  
 And therefore stricke him in a deadly hower,  
 Beyond recouerie by Physicians power.  
 But we are bound to fame which keepes aliue  
 This Noble-man, whom death would not repriue.  
 Dead ? with sad throbs my fainting spirits trippe  
 In sorrowes maze, and by my mournfull lippe:

My

My teares make way to tell my heart 'tis so,  
 And leaue deepe dints, like furtowes, as they go.  
 The twines of all my hopes are riuell'd and  
 Like to some pinnace in no hope to land  
 At any port of safetie, altogether  
 I lye exposed vnto wracke of weather.  
 The point I aim'd at was vntimely lost  
 Not in March Winds, but Februarie frost:  
 Noble *Belfast*, Ile hugge thine honoured worth,  
 That in the warmth of it may issue forth  
 Formes of perfection, to expresse thy beautie:  
 Or if I faile in that, my humble dutie  
 Shall kneele in publike to pin on a Verse  
 With trembling fingers on thy sable Herse,  
 Which

Which must be arched high, to stand about  
 That Lord who filled all the world with loue.  
 My muse shall haue in charge to write of him,  
 As a noble branch of an ennobled stemme.  
 From *Chichesters* dilcent he tooke his name,  
 And in exchange of it, return'd such fame  
 By his braue deeds, as to that race shall be  
 A radiant splendor for eternitie.  
 For fame shall write this Adage, *Let it last*  
*Like the sweet memorie of my Lord Belfast.*  
 When once the time of childhood did begin  
 To step aside, that youth might enter in,  
 He went to *Oxford*, that the liberall Arts  
 Might be ennamel to his natiue parts.

VV

B

Faice

He was a Faire education with good parentage  
 Captaine of Made all his vertues walke in equipage,  
 the ship cal- That they who knew him young, presag'd his scope  
 led the Vi- Was euer bending to that Cape of Hope  
 etorie, vn- Where Honour rides\*; For after he had scene  
 der the com- The *Muses*, he return'd to serue his Queene  
 mand of the

*Lo. Sheffield*, employ'd against the Spanish Inuasion, Anno 1587, & 88.

Afterwards he was Captaine and Commander in the Portugall voyage  
 of 300. foot, in the Regiment of the Generall *sir Fra. Drake*, 88. and 89.

He went with *sir Fra. Drake* to the West Indies, where he was Captain  
 of a Companie of foot, and Lieutenant Colonell of a Regiment. And in  
 Porterico he set fire of the Admirall of the Spanish Frigats, 95. & 96.

After their return from that voyage, he was employed in France, being  
 Captain and Lieutenant Colonell of a regiment with *sir Th. Baskerville*, 96.

After his returne out of France, he was employed into Ireland with the  
 Earle of Essex, &c.

With

With armes of valour, the report of them  
 May be a *Chronicle*: for so large a theame  
 Requires a booke in *Folio*, not one leafe.  
 To shew the homage due to *Iosephs Sheafe*.  
 All bow'd to his, and no worth finds extent  
 Beyond the bounds of his, whom *Ilament*.  
 Graue, brane, sure, pure, and like a heauenly star;  
 In peace, war, speech, and life, was *Chichester*.  
 Renowned Lord, whose noble acts yeeld matter  
 For me to praise, and yet abhor to flatter.  
 Besides the severall voyages which he made  
 Against the Spanish foe, which would invade  
 Our Brittish coast: the ciuill warres of France  
 Drew forth our English *Scipio* to aduance

211

B 2

His



His colours there, which he displaid, and wonne  
 Honourable knighthood, when the fight was done.  
 Henrie the 4. of France in gracefull manner,  
 Vpon desert confer'd this warlike honour.  
 And fame imprints this Character on his shield,  
 Knighted by *Burbon*, in the open field.  
 Desert neglected, droopes; encourag'd, beares  
 Its motions well, as the well ordered *Sphaeres*.  
 Our minds prone then, best active, when we know  
 Our plants are set where they are like to grow.  
 The home-bred flames of France extinct, our owne  
 Portend a hot combustion by *Tyrone*  
 A Traitor, who like a *Tyger* gnawes  
 The wombe which bare him, with his bloody pawes.

The

The Queene bestow'd some fauours, and he thought,  
 Had she done more, s'had done but what she ought.  
 Through the perspectiue of his fantasie,  
 He dream'd he saw his vertues grow so hie;  
 That, part of *Elster*, for the great *Oneale*,  
 Was not so fit, as was a common-weale.  
 So, by ambitious proiects, look't for gales  
 Which might fill full, and yet not rent his sailes.  
 Among the valiant chieftaines which were sent  
 To stop the current of his proud intent,  
 Came *Chichester*, whose acts did carrie sense,  
 And weight of honour with experience.  
 His colours flew with such auspicious fate,  
 As if that faire *Bellona* there had fate

B 3

With

With wreathes of gold to make a crowne for him,  
 Who harboured prowes in each manfull limbe:  
 And made him after his victorious triall,  
 The Sergeant Maior of the armie royall.  
 The Lord Mountjoy, Lord deputie of that realme,  
 Who sat as Pilot in that dangerous healeme,  
 Wrot to the Lords in England his opinion,  
 Touching the safetie of that sicke dominion.  
 Because experience taught him oft to learne,  
 That boggs and fastnes made the Irish kernie  
 To nestle in the North, he did propound,  
 That some one man whose iudgement was profound  
 And valour matchles, might haue forces readie  
 To curbe the rebels at the first, if headie

Attempts

Attempts should moue them to an insurrection,  
 Or draw them (as they speake) to go in action :  
 For this imployment (so records affirme,  
 And il'e deliuer it in it's proper terme)  
*Sir Arthur Chichester is the fittest man,*  
 (Saies he) *in England or in Ireland,* can  
 Fame be more copious in her bountie: then  
 To praise his worth aboute a world of men?  
 That campe had many worthies who suruiue,  
 And liue to see their reputation thriue.  
 Yet all with famous *Mountjoy*, doe agree  
 To write in that of *Chichester*, *this is he:*  
 But now they write *he was*, from whence abound  
 Our floods of grieve like Spring-tides to surround,  
*Tyrone*

Tyrone him self, whose lewd affections stood  
 To crosse, with malice, the increase of goodnes  
 Who lay in wait with vnappeased spleene,  
 In secret ambushments, to wrecke his teene  
 On carefull *Chichester*, did protest, so many  
 Parts of a Souldier were in him, that any,  
 Who leade in warlike marches, could not be  
 More iust, more valiant, nor more wise then he.  
 Those flames of good desert, must sparkle him,  
 Whose brightnes is approu'd by enmitie.  
 Great Britains Monarch, read his true *Essay*,  
 In a faire copy, for a beaten way  
 Was made by Fame, which in the *Presence* told  
 The King in earnest, Ireland did hold  
 Such faire esteeme of *Chichester*, that he might  
 Safely preferre him to maintaine his right



In that adioyning and viciuill Nation,  
 The King thinks on it and approues the motion.  
 The Post took leaue, & brought backe certain word,  
 An honoured Gentleman should receiue the Sword.  
 Fame thou art sedaine, and maist erre; in this  
 Ile take my oath thou neuer wentst amisse.  
 Almost twelue yeares in such a government,  
 If ages past can shew a president,  
 I am decein'd: such rules of equity  
 Were drawne forth by his hand, as pietie  
 Gaue order for: That learning which was poore,  
 Found meanes to helpe it selfe out of his store.  
 Vertue did meet with Honour: and Religion  
 With Wisdome, it with Bounty: all in one,

C

Valour

Valour reioyc'd to find a sure protection;  
 Vpon the word of his brave inclination,  
 Which set an edge on Courage, when it found,  
 A gracious hand to leaue it from the ground;  
 He lou'd both Arts and Armes: iust such another  
 As *Pembrokes* Vncle, or as *Leicesters* Brother,  
 A *Sydney*, a *Chichester*, and that's as much,  
 As to write in plaine English, a *None such*;  
 For in good sooth neuer before or since,  
 Could a Vice-roy doe more honour to his Prince,  
 The people praid, Lord if it be thy will,  
 Let this Lord be Lord Deputy with vs still.  
 I seeke not to detract, *Bortius* saies,  
 Good is diffusiue and hath ample praise;

To

To giue this man his due, and yet retaine  
 Good store for others, when it giues againe.  
 One writes, the Deputies of that Kingdome are  
 Like Aple-trees, and if their fruit be faire,  
 The Cudgels then must flye: T was so with him,  
 For some Informers, whose aspect was dimme,  
 Who see no right, nor can discern religion,  
 Vnlesse i'th habite of their superstition,  
 Tax him of much iniustice, by a rabble  
 Of false suggestions at the Conncell table.  
 But Royal *Salomon* did obserue the cause,  
 And found 'twas not his Deputy, but his Lawes  
 Were call'd in question: therefore daign'd to giue,  
 Words which might make a dying man to liue.

This man is cleere, vpon examination,  
 I finde that all's an vnjust accusation,  
 With other Princely speeches which transcend,  
 Nor can they, as they ought, by me be pen'd:  
 When innocence his truest advocate,  
 Made replication to the Plaintiffe's hate;  
 And that the Agents for their false report,  
 Should vndergoe the Censure of that Court;  
 His meekenesse followed and besought the King  
 To pardon his accusers, who did bring  
 Their owne disgrace, not his: a rare example,  
 In these malicious times, inimitable.  
 They sought his ruine, he their good: we see  
 The lesson kept, Christ taught him cleane of me.

When

When

When the Kings pleasure order'd his remoue  
 From that high place, the State with generall loue,  
 Bade him farewell, that every acclamation,  
 Seem'd a discreet and studious Oration  
 To speake in order of those noble parts,  
 Which were the Loadstone of the Irish hearts.  
 His credit had iust interest to assume  
*Iosiahs* blessing, as a *sweet perfume*,  
 Which being odoriferous in sent,  
 Fills all the standers by with much content.  
 His name sounds iust as when one sweetly sings,  
 To tunefull musicke on harmonious strings.  
 No praise, but whars exact, can fit his spirit,  
 Whose faire composition did consist of merit.



In these daies Vertues lodge apart, but he  
 Prepar'd one lodging where they all might be:  
 I meane, his pious and couragious brest,  
 Where all the Graces built their common nest.  
 His naturall gifts had tenures on condition  
 To yeeld to Grace: for his good disposition  
 Held it vnequall in it's wise Idea,  
 Faire *Rachel* should submit to bleare-ey'd *Leah*,  
 Cheere vp my Muse, and flye aloft to raise,  
 A lasting Colume by thy trowing Laies.  
 Inscribe vpon it, *Chichester*: for that word  
 Is a large Tomb of goodnesse; a Record  
 Of honour, wit, experience, valour, worth,  
 And Time's the Filizer to produce it forth.

It

It signifies a *Captaine* or a *Knight*,  
 A *Sarjeant Major* when the Armies fight,  
 A princely *Vice-roy*, a Lord *Treasurer*,  
 Or else the Germane Lord *Embassadour*,  
 In England a great States-man: and to end,  
 Truths Champion, Arts encourager, Valours friend,  
 All which employments doe present a taste  
 Of severall honours in my Lord *Belfast*,  
 Whose happy *Genius* being put in action,  
 Drew forth the view of publike admiration.  
 One night, not long since, in the skie was showne,  
 A *Star* depending on the forked *Moone*:  
 But now the *Moone* waites on the glorious *Starre*,  
 Whose brightness doth surpass the Moon-shine far.  
 Honour

Honour and Life, like to the *Moone*, haue waines;  
*Christ is the morning starre*: in piercing paines  
 Of death, this Lord disdain'd the *Moones* respect,  
 For the felicity of the *Starres* elect:  
 He did confesse, like that Diuine *St. Paul*,  
 Christ was his gaine, his hope, his life, his all.  
 His Tongue was tipt with golden sentences,  
 Which recollect the Soule, when her offences  
 Haue made her thoughts vnsteady, that three *sands*  
 Giddy, like the foun dation on the sands,  
 Vntill that Word of God afford a light,  
 To put the Soule in a more hopefull pligh.  
 The goodly structures which were framed by  
 The curious platformes of his industry,

In

In earthly things, he did conclude were winde;  
 And subiect to corruption: that his minde,  
 Empty of her owne good, might mount vp higher,  
 Whither a Christian ought for to aspire.  
 The Angels were on wing, to beare away  
 His soule, and yet he argues, their delay  
 To be o're long; lamenting his aboad  
 Was yet on earth, diuided from his God.  
 Each faculty of his soule striv'd which should be  
 Best learned in the schoole of piety.  
 Zeale mou'd as lively in those christian straines,  
 As blood enclosed in the narrow veines.  
 To see him dye, was dolour: thus to dye,  
 Rauish'd the Mourners with alacrity,  
 Because they saw, he went a glorious Guest,  
 At Supper-time, vnto the *Marriage feast*.

D

Thus

Thus he expir'd, nor could a humane Creature,  
 With more content discharge a debt to Nature.  
 England laments: and where his body goes,  
 That Land is drowned with a Sea of woe,  
 Would I might live here still, the Irish Shores,  
 Will be as gloomy as the tawny Moores:  
 Their blacke-dide countenance will misinforme  
 The skillfull Pilot: and as in a storme,  
 Confusion will succeed: for beds of sand,  
 Will moue the waues to drue them toward land,  
 That they may vie their multitudes with All,  
 Who shed a teare at his sad Funerall.  
 Tis well *Knockfergus* stands vpon a rocke,  
 For otherwise the fierce impetuous shooke  
 Of dismall out-cries when the Corpses come thither,  
 Will make the Fort, and Wall, and houses shiner,

Or



Or crumble into dust, like *Iericho*,  
 When *Iofuahs Rams hornes* were obseru'd to blow.  
 Yea the whole Realme will make a dolefull cry,  
 To make an Earth-quake for his *Elegie*.  
 The swift wind will be ready, as afraid  
 To waite the noife, lest all the land be made  
 Subject to ruine, in astonishment,  
 With much bewailing this dire accident.  
 Joy-mount can be no mount of ioy, but moane,  
 Like to the Turtle when her mate is gone.  
 The Drums and Fifes clad in their mourning suite,  
 Will sound, as if his death had made them mute.  
 The aire will be all blacke, and like a Fuller,  
 Dye the light Banners in a fable colour.  
 The buriall must be wet, such no eye's dry,  
 I'th swelling deluge of this misery.

D 2

Among

Among the presse, my *Muse* desireth roome,  
 To speake one word to him, who makes the Tombe:  
 Be sure to cut his *Eare indifferent*, and  
 A golden Pen in his laborious hand.  
 Shew forth his eyes with such resplendent light,  
 As one who still retaines his wonted sight.  
 As for his Robes of Parliament, let them be  
 Put on with such aduice, that we may see  
 His Sword, and know a Souldier: on his Armes  
 Write this, *The Bucklers to defend from harmes*  
*His Prince and Country.* And beneath his head  
 A Pillow, as if he were gone to bed.  
 Thou maist limme Honour, speaking, *This is he,*  
*Whose braue exploits hath thus deseru'd me.*  
 Let it not be, as if he sought for her,  
 For that will wrong the King, who did prefer

gnomia

D 2

His

His Deputy, of himselfe, and gave it in impresse,  
 He honour him, who sought for worldly life.  
 Make his Tombe wide and high, to imitate  
 The copious circle of his ample fate.  
 If in thy fabricke thou dost want a stone,  
 Sith griefe hath made me *Widow*, He be one.  
 I wish this happinesse to his Heire, *Widow*,  
 Like to *Elisha*, the *Eldest* son.  
 For that's a stately impe of Fame, by which  
 More honour is, then is, by being rich.  
 Lord, What is man? when such a man is he,  
 Whose parts excelled in the high'st degree,  
 Dies by a *Plurisie*, a corrupted tumour,  
 Proceeding from a bad vnhealthfull humour.  
 How ought we then, who are but Atoms small,  
 And in respect of him, are not at all,

D 3

To

To know our bodies but an house of earth,  
 And thinke on God before the soule goes forth?  
 His last to me was this, *Much shanke, Good night,*  
 May my best seruice study to requite  
 His noble complement: For it I returne,  
 Millions of teares on his bewailed Vrne,  
 And fith, the bed he sleepe on, is his Birre,  
 He bid, *Good night,* and draw the Curtaines here.

**FINIS.**



